

Secret Emissions

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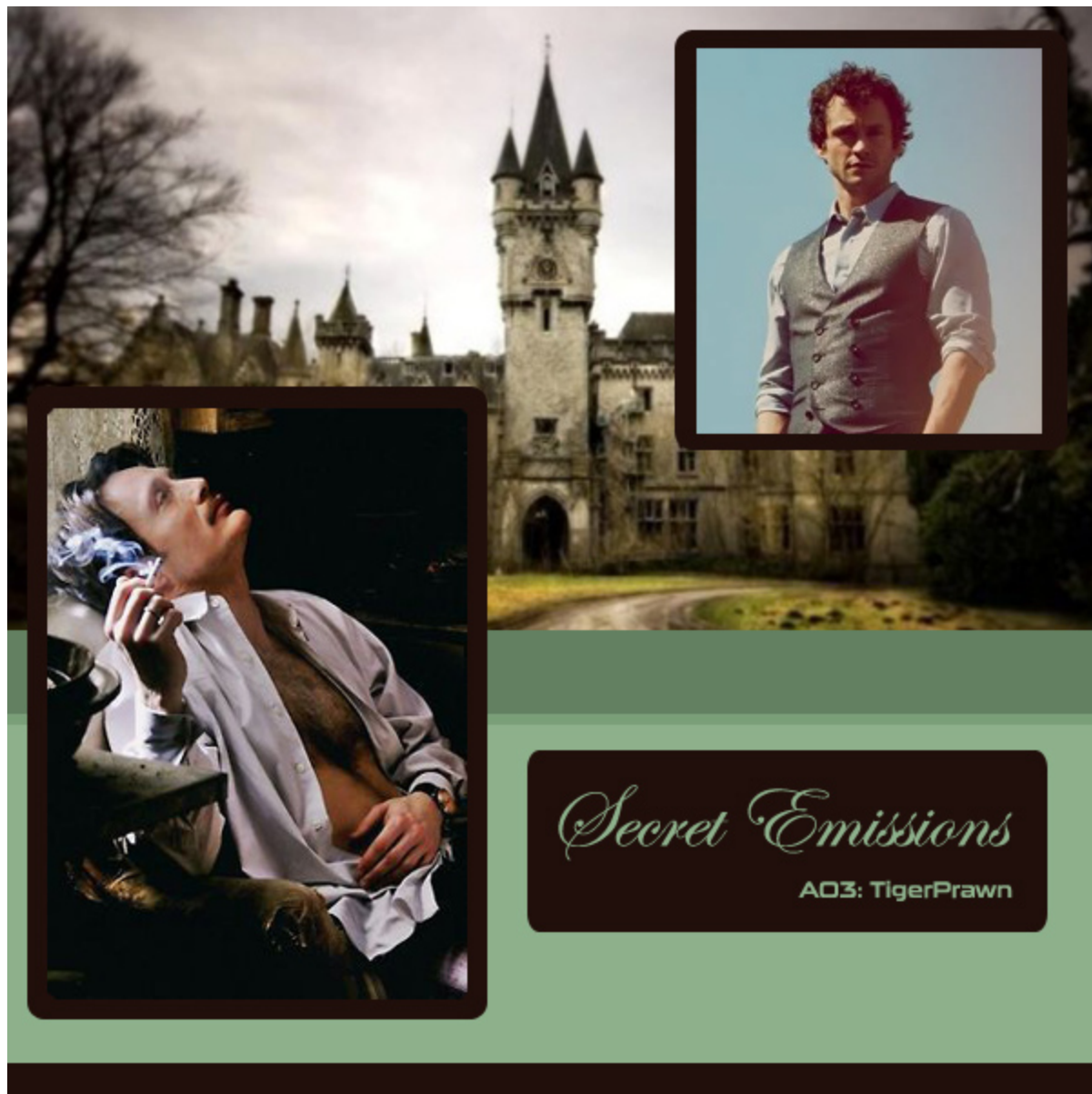
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Secret Emissions

by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

Servant Will accidentally spies on his master Hannibal in an intimate moment.



Will stilled, the sound of huffed, laboured breaths coming from his lordship's room made his own breath catch. The count had been out riding in the afternoon and had taken a late super. He had told Will he could manage himself, but Will had wanted to make certain he needed for nothing. As any good valet would.

The door was ever so slightly ajar, but enough for the noise to travel and a warmth to creep up Will's neck. He hesitated.

Will had taken over as valet for the count when his mentor, Jimmy Price, had retired. A week in of his solo service, and he felt that it was going well. He'd earned more than one smile from his lordship, and that was a difficult thing, he knew. He was a stern, quiet man around fifteen years older than Will's nineteen, and Will found himself immediately comfortable around him. Since the day he arrived, his lordship had been welcoming and kind. And the same heat he felt now was that same warmth that flushed Will's neck and cheeks at each of those smiles.

When he'd first come to Castle Lecter in the hopes of finding a job Will had expected to be taken on as a stable boy, if anything at all. He had at least been glad that he had not been turned away but instead had been allowed to freshen up and been given food, after the twenty mile walk from the village where he'd grown up. His parents had died a few months earlier and it seemed worth taking the chance before trying to find any other employment, given that all he knew was pig farming. Getting into service seemed like a dream.

But Castle Lecter had not been as he had expected.

Far from a bustling house full of people and always in need of staff, there was only his lordship and a very small number of servants keeping the castle going.

Jimmy Price had explained it to Will the day after he had arrived. The family had died, all but the count, in an unfortunate carriage accident, the entire family had a sad history of unexpected and early deaths. And since then his lordship had kept to himself in this big house, only partaking in society when necessary. Ten years had passed since the accident and the staff dwindled each year.

All that remained when Will arrived was the housekeeper, butler, cook, and scullery maid, and Price who had been the valet for his lordship's father before the accident.

In that way, Will's arrival had been fortuitous. Price wanted to retire and Will wanted a job. He was keen and a quick study, and was there really all that much to helping someone else dress?

It turned out there was more, and Jimmy was great at teaching Will everything. And more.

At first when Jimmy had told Will that the castle was haunted, Will hadn't believed him. The building was old, cold and echoey, and large parts of it were unused, but Will wasn't superstitious enough to believe that made it haunted.

Jimmy had insisted, no, it is the sounds. Late at night groaning could be heard through the walls. The sounds of the dead. They outnumbered the living in this castle, if Jimmy was to be believed. He encouraged Will, in the strongest terms, not to leave his room after midnight. Jimmy made clear he'd prefer to not leave his room after dark at all if he could avoid it. Which unfortunately was impossible given his duties.

Now, as Will stood outside his lordship's room he was uncertain.

The sounds were eerie, it was true. Low breathes huffed and deep moans. Some as guttural as a beast. But haunted?

"My lord?" Will said, his voice cracking so that it wasn't even a whisper.

He should turn back to his room and not leave it, as Jimmy had encouraged. But he was stopped by his sense of duty to ensure that the count was well.

"Yessss..."

The word was a breath, a puff of air next to his ear that had Will spinning on his foot to confront whoever might be playing a trick on him. But no one was there.

Will shivered, torn now between running to his room or to the count's. He looked back at the hallway he had come down. It seemed so much longer now, as though stretching on forever towards the big wooden door at the end.

As Will watched, the door slowly closed, its hinges whining.

Will felt cold creep over him, hairs standing up all over his body.

“His lordshiiiiip...” This time the words made of air came from the other direction and Will turned quickly back towards the count's room.

The door was now a quarter way open.

“Yessss.” The word was at his back and forced his feet forward until he was at the count's door.

The sounds within were louder now, louder but different. No longer the eerie echoes of moans of the dead, but panted breaths and groans of passion.

Will's breath caught again, the chill over his skin making him feel feverish as an inner warmth radiated outwards, his cheeks burning.

He knew those sounds and they were not made by ghosts.

“Yesssss.....” The word was repeated, fading off even as it encouraged.

Swallowing, Will looked into the room and blinked, allowing his eyes to adjust to the dim light provided only by the lamp next to the chair in which the count sat.

He was half dressed, his shirt and trousers open and hand quickly working over his rigid and sizable cock. Will swallowed again, his own manhood starting to stir at the sight. He pressed his palm to the front of his trousers for some relief as he continued to watch.

The count huffed and panted, his face contorted into exquisite pleasure as he pumped harder and faster until he finally came over his own chest with a low moan.

As the count released a long, low breath, Will came to his senses and realised what he had just witnessed. What he had intruded upon and how wrong it had been of him.

But moreover, someone or something in this house had wanted him to see.

Will stepped back and quickly but quietly started back to his room, the door at the end of the hallway now open once more.

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This encounter was repeated a week later when the count went riding late once more.

And once more Will felt that he should go and offer services to his master. Though this time he was hesitant. He had heard nothing in the interim, no strange noises and no more voices. But he had done as Jimmy had said and stuck to his room after midnight - usually the count went to bed at least an hour before.

Will had come to savour that time in the evenings. In the mornings, his lordship was often harried, having slept ill from what Will could tell. But in the evenings he was easy and relaxed and spoke with Will about fishing and books and things of interest to one or both of them as Will hung his clothes or prepared a bath. Will earned more of those smiles that he was sure could not be as rare as he'd been led to believe.

Now he walked the hallways cautiously, determined to be the sort of valet that would be indispensable even as fear crept up his spine. Something had been with him that night, something otherworldly and he was unsure how to prepare for such an encounter.

Somewhere behind him, far back near the servant's quarters he was sure, a door closed loudly. The echo reverberated down each hallway Will had walked until it reached him as he neared the count's chambers.

The door ahead of him was ajar once more, but a draft at his back. He slowed his step expecting the voice to appear again. When it didn't he wondered if it had all been in his head. Perhaps just the strangeness of this old castle, and the noises too, it must have placed something quite fanciful in his mind.

He was almost sure of that when he felt a whisper blow past his ear.

"Go on," it urged.

Will felt as though he felt it move past him and towards the open door, there it was joined with a low, breathy moan.

Past his other ear a whisper blew, "he neeeeeeds you."

Another moan, then panting.

Will swallowed, watching as the door slowly crept further open of its own volition and the moans within became louder and clearly human. Clearly the count and not some spectre despite whatever was guiding Will.

His palms sweating and his collar growing damp, Will inched slowly forward, stepping gingerly on each old floorboard until he was right outside the room. So close he was able to, scandalously, peer inside once more.

For it did feel scandalous. It no longer felt like a servant going to serve his master but some secret other thing that he felt compelled to do.

Will swallowed and licked his lips, everything so very dry, as he saw in the dim light inside, his master sat in a chair by the window, his hand working between his legs.

Will would have drawn breath then, but a hand was at his mouth, cold and as clammy as his own. A whispered, “shhh” in his ear. Will’s eyes darted back and down, but no matter how he tried to look, or how real it might have felt, there was nothing to be seen.

“Waaaaatch,” the voice requested, the hand slowly slipping down from his mouth and trailing down his chest. He thought it might reach his crotch and discover how his body was betraying him, but instead it dissipated into nothing.

So Will stood, watching as the count stroked long and hard, his bottom lip caught between his teeth and a frown on his brow that Will wished he could smooth away. Just as he felt when his lordship frowned in the mornings, when he explained to Will the bad dreams that plagued him each night. Will had shared that he had bad dreams too, since his own parents had died. And between them there was some strange camaraderie despite their differences in position and fortune.

More moaning, more panting, followed by grunts and noises that Will hadn’t known a man could make. All the while he hardened in his trousers and felt a longing at his core. An ache that he was sure knew no relief.

All of that was almost enough to push him inside the room, but then words broke through the passionate noises.

“Sweet Will. Mmm, god... Will...”

Will was transfixed and yet mortified as he watched his master release with his name on his lips.

The look of pleasure, of pure bliss, was beautiful but it was quickly replaced with a harder expression. Cold, closed off, but also clearly shame and upset. The sudden change of feeling had Will stumbling back from the door, keeping his footing just to see that the count was looking up.

“Is someone there?” He demanded, rising to his feet.

Hidden in the darkness of the hallway, Will turned on his heel and ran, finding every door between the count’s chambers and his own conveniently open.

*

The scullery maid agreed with Jimmy’s gossip and told Will that the castle had long been haunted, and likely the ghosts of centuries past had been joined by the more recently deceased Lecters.

Will didn’t usually listen to such idle titillation, always raised to be practical. But he could no longer deny there was some supernatural presence in the castle. Not that he shared this information.

The maid herself doubted the veracity of the tales, however. For she had never seen or heard anything. She had heard tell of previous staff who had gifts enough to sense something and

sometimes communicate with spirits, but she had never met them herself.

Will ended the conversation as an amusing folly when she delightedly suggested they should hold a seance to find the truth once and for all.

But Will was more attentive then, his mind more open. Why had he come here when he might have looked for a job in his own village or one of the many between home and the castle? Something had drawn him, and deep down he suspected that something had been his mother.

As a child he had always been able to sense things, things that it was easy to say were little more than him being a lucky guesser. But that wasn't the case in this castle. Here he knew when a door had been opened he had previously closed, a candle moved, a fire doused.

No malice or malevolence but not wholly peaceful. Though that energy seemed part of the atmosphere, not targeted specifically at himself or even the count, or anyone else as far as Will could tell. It was, in essence, a sense of unrest so ingrained within the building that it was rooted in the very walls.

And that sense of the supernatural grew stronger as he made his way, once more, to the count's room.

Every door was open, a draft that didn't really exist accompanied him, carrying him along. The whispering was no longer there but he could feel the words in his mind, urging him on towards the inevitable.

Towards the moaning and panting. The sounds that once had seemed ghostly and otherworldly were now carnal and alluring. He didn't attempt to hide his purpose as he crept to the open door and peered inside.

There, as he had been before, Hannibal sat in the chair by the window. His head was thrown back as he panted and worked his hand between his legs. Will moved, edging further into the room so that he could see beyond the obstruction of the way the pillows had been set upon the bed.

Will's breath caught as he watched the loose fist run up and down engorged, flushed flesh.

It was the breath that gave Will away. The count looked up at him, lazily. He was not shocked, in fact his eyes flared with passion and his hand moved quicker.

"They told me you'd come," Hannibal murmured, breathless.

Will didn't need to ask who, he could feel them outside the room. They hadn't crossed the threshold but Will could feel them at his back, still urging him on now that he had made his way here on his own.

"Why?" Will asked instead, finding it hard to believe that anyone living or dead wished to match the count with his young, male servant.

“To make me happy.” The count replied as he slowed his strokes and reached out his free hand towards Will. “Would it make you happy?”

Will shuddered, his chest tight with the breath he had been holding. His trousers tighter still, there was no denying that. As much as there was no denying the unlikely friendship they had struck and the desire he felt.

“It would be improper to-” Will began but the count shook his head.

“My family is cursed,” he said, his hand stilling. “For centuries we have died once our first born has reached an age to make a match, to continue the family line. Over and over. My father thought he had escaped it, but as soon as he sought a match for me he was taken, and my mother, and my sister.”

“And... you believe this to be true?” Will asked, not expecting such superstition from a lord.

“I believe it to be true for the same reason you do,” the count smiled softly, nodding his head to indicate the empty yet full space behind Will. “They talk to me too. That’s how I knew that we could make each other happy.”

“You’ll not take a wife?” Will asked despite the count’s words, finding it difficult to believe, ghosts and curses aside, that a count would not seek to make himself happy.

“No,” the count cut through Will’s thoughts, “but I still have the needs of any man. The wants and desires. And never have they been inspired by a woman.”

Will’s cheeks flushed as much at the hungry look in the count’s eyes as his words.

“And could these be fulfilled?”

“Are you offering?”

Will blushed and stammered as the count continued, “I’ll make no secret of my attraction towards you, Will. From the moment I first saw you I was captivated. And ever since then I have not missed the fact that the house, the spirits, have become restless, urging me towards you. It seems they see as well as I, a chance of happiness for me that does not involve the need to breed.”

Will shivered at the words, his cheeks now on fire.

“Sir, what should I do?”

The count crooked his fingers, encouraging Will toward him and, with a surge of ghostly energy at his back, Will went. He was so consumed by the sight before him, the count’s shirt undone to his navel and displaying his fine, furred chest, that he didn’t notice at first that the door closed quietly behind him.

He only noticed when he reached his lordship and had the complete sense of them being alone. The spirits at the fringes of the room and receding fast.

“My lord,” Will was breathless as the count reached out and took Will’s hand in his, pulling him close still until he stood between his lordship’s legs.

“You must call me Hannibal. I will hear no argument on that point,” Hannibal’s words were commanding as his hands went to Will’s hips, drawing him forward all the more and pressing his lips to Will’s clothed belly.

“Yes, sir... Hannibal,” Will agreed, the words ending on a gasp causing his lordship to look up through heavily lidded eyes.

“If you want me to stop you must tell me now, for if you allow me I intend to claim you completely. As completely as any man would claim a spouse.”

“I don’t want you to stop,” Will’s reply was breathless enough, but his breath was completely stolen as Hannibal quickly pulled up his shirt, yanking it from his trousers so that he could place his lips on Will’s bare skin.

Will’s legs went weak and Hannibal’s hands clutched tighter to his hips as his lips trailed over the trembling flesh of Will’s lower belly.

“Hannibal...” Will gasped. Hannibal’s arms circled around his waist, pulling him forward until Will was straddling his lap. As he pulled Will down to be seated, his mouth moved up, over the clothes before finally capturing Will’s mouth in a hungry kiss.

Will moaned as Hannibal’s tongue slipped between his lips, his body rocking of its own volition, he began to rub himself against Hannibal’s hard and exposed length.

Will broke the kiss to take a breath, but Hannibal was not deterred, his mouth instead moving to Will’s neck.

“Did you enjoy watching me, Will?” Hannibal panted, and Will could feel him throb. “I enjoyed knowing you were there. I wanted you to come to me.”

“I’ve come to you now,” Will replied, steadying himself as Hannibal began pulling his clothes off, his mouth roaming over every newly exposed part of Will’s chest.

The next few minutes were a frenzy of action. Kissing, biting, pawing at each other as more clothes were discarded as best they could be. Despite the bed being right next to them, neither moved from the chair and Will settled all the more into Hannibal’s lap. Not wanting to break away from each other for even a moment.

When Hannibal pulled Will’s cock free of his rucked trousers that sat around his thighs, Will squirmed. He was held tight in his own clothing and Hannibal’s hand was so warm and firm around him. When his lordship gently pumped him, it was ecstasy,

“Hannibal,” Will moaned, his eyes rolling to the back of his head. He’d never been touched by another, and now he was sure he’d never want to lose this sensation. As the bliss began to overtake him, Hannibal removed his hand, leaving Will feeling bereft.

He didn't have a chance to protest though before Hannibal spat into his palm and then took hold of his own impressive girth. Will looked down, watching close up now what he had only before seen from afar.

Just as he began to throb at the sight, Hannibal lined them up together and wrapped his hand around both of them, now stroking them in time.

"Oh god," Will cried out, throwing his arms around Hannibal's shoulders, kissing him again and again as he worked them together.

Will's hips moved, thrusting into each pump of Hannibal's hand, mesmerised at the sensation of their engorged flesh rubbing together.

More biting kisses as Hannibal sped up, roughly stroking them now until it was almost painful. He should spit again, Will thought, or perhaps they should find some oil. But not right now, no not now as their bodies writhed together and the chair creaked beneath them.

Will was so close, so very close. When Hannibal's hand moved up and over the tip of their cocks, spreading the pre-release back down their shafts, Will knew brighter bliss than he had ever known before.

He cried out and came between them, his seed spilling all over Hannibal's fist, crotch and belly. It was moments later that Hannibal joined him, his moan low and ghostly, echoing eerily around his chambers.

*

Will didn't feel them anymore, nor hear them. And Hannibal didn't either, not since that first night. And no night since, as they lay in each other's arms when all the other servants were abed.

The spirits had gone. Their work was done, they had ensured Hannibal would not carry on the curse of his bloodline, and ensured his happiness at the same time.

Times would change and the castle would crumble. Servants would leave or pass and eventually they would come to live in a small cottage at the edge of the estate with the ruin in the distance, happily alone with each other, knowing they would never hear the spirits again.

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